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# MASONIC SERVICE

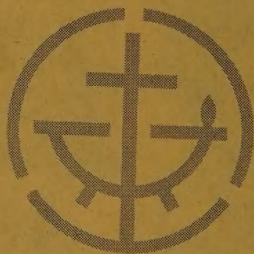
FOR THE

BURIAL OF THE DEAD,

AND

*LODGE OF SORROW.*

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RITUAL

OF

# MASONIC SERVICE

FOR THE

BURIAL OF THE DEAD,

AND

*LODGE OF SORROW.*

By J. B. SACKETT,

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTER OF THE TWENTY-SECOND  
MASONIC DISTRICT OF THE STATE  
OF NEW YORK.

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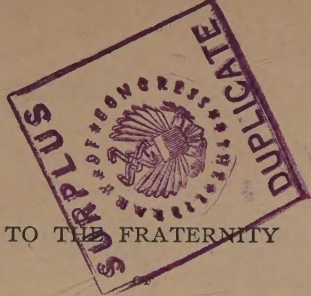
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TO THE FRATERNITY

## Free and Accepted Masons.

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BRETHREN! *The design of the present work is to present a Burial Service, separate from the "Monitor," in a convenient book form; a part of which may be used in the Lodge Room, at the Church or House of the deceased Brother, and the other at the Grave; so that in the arrangement each shall be complete in itself, and may or may not be used as occasion requires.*

*If this work shall be the instrument of awakening in the minds of the Officers of Lodges a sense of their duties, thereby causing them to fit themselves the better for the performance of these solemn ceremonies, it will accomplish all that the author desires.*

CHICAGO, October 1, 1870.

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L.C. 3-1-58



## GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

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1. No Mason can be buried with Masonic Honors unless it be at his special request, communicated to the Master of the Lodge of which he died a member—foreigners and sojourners excepted—nor unless he has received the degree of Master Mason; and from this rule there can be no exception.

2. Entered Apprentices or Fellow Crafts are not entitled to these obsequies, nor can they be allowed in the procession, as Masons, at a masonic funeral.

3. The Master of a Lodge, having received notice of the death of a Brother, and of his request to be buried with masonic ceremonies (after consulting with the relatives of the deceased), fixes the day and the hour for the funeral, and immediately issues his order to the Secretary to notify the Lodge. Members of other Lodges may be invited, but they should

join with the Lodge performing the ceremonies, and "not accompany their officers in form."

4. Upon the death of a sojourner the Master of the nearest Lodge will take the charge, unless there be more than one Lodge in the place; and if so, the funeral services will be performed by the oldest Lodge, unless otherwise mutually arranged.

5. Whenever other societies unite with Masons, the body of the deceased must be in charge of the Lodge having jurisdiction, and the services should, in all respects, be conducted as if none but Masons were present.

6. If the deceased was a Grand or Past Grand officer, it would be proper to invite the officers of the Grand Lodge; when the Master of the Lodge should invite the highest Grand officer present to conduct the burial service.

7. The pall-bearers should be Masons, and they should be selected by the Master—age and rank to be considered.

8. The proper clothing to be worn at a masonic funeral is black or dark clothes, high black hat, a black neck-tie, white apron and white gloves; with a band of black crape around the left arm, above the elbow, and a sprig of

evergreen on the left breast. The Master's gavel, the Warden's columns, the Deacon's and Steward's rods, the Tiler's sword, the Holy Bible (the Book of Constitution) and the Marshal's baton should be trimmed with black crape neatly tied with narrow white ribbon. All the officers' jewels may be mounted with a black and white rosette.

9. As soon as the remains are placed in the coffin, there should be placed upon it a plain white lambskin apron.

10. When the time arrives for the emergent communication of the Lodge, the Master will open the same in form on the third degree, and, after announcing the solemn duty which has called them together, will commence the lodge-room service.

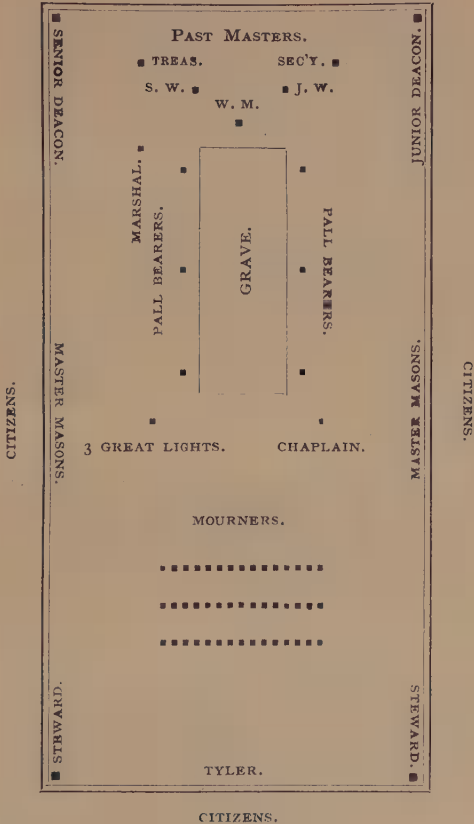
11. After the services in the lodge-room have been concluded, the Marshal will, by order of the Master, give such instructions as may be deemed necessary as to the forming of the Lodge in procession, the line of march, the services at the house, the Grand honors, the circumambulation of the grave, the way and manner of depositing the acacia sprig; and no lodge should

leave their room on such occasions without being properly instructed.

12. On arriving near the cemetery, when within 150 or 200 feet from the entrance (if the procession is in carriages), the Marshal will cause it to halt; and as soon as the carriages are vacated he will re-form the procession on foot. When the right of the procession has reached the entrance to the cemetery, he will order the same to halt, open to the right and left and uncover. When this is done he will, preceded by the Tiler, pass down inside the lines until he meets the Master, followed by the pall-bearers with the remains, and the relatives of the deceased brother. The brethren will fall in immediately behind the mourners; and in this order the procession will proceed to the grave.

13. On arriving at the grave, the Master will take a position at the head, the *immediate* relatives of the deceased at the foot, while the brethren will form an "oblong square" or parallelogram about them all, as shown in the following figure.

CITIZENS.



CITIZENS.

14. If there should be a service of the church, as soon as that is concluded the masonic service will commence.

15. The Senior Warden (not the sexton or undertaker) will assist the Master in committing the body to the earth.

16. When the time arrives for depositing the sprig of acacia (after the Master, who only will use the words, "This I do in memory of my departed brother"), the Marshal will order the brethren to face to the left, and, on arriving at the head of the grave, deposit the evergreen, one after another, and not two or more at one time.

17. On giving the Grand honors appropriate to funeral occasions great care should be taken that it be done together. The funeral Grand honors should be given but once—not three times, as has been the custom in some jurisdictions. The order should come from the Marshal, "Brethren, together on the Grand honors." They are given in the following manner: *Extend the arms toward the grave, with the palms of the hands uppermost; then cross the arms over the breast, the left uppermost, the palms of the hands resting upon the shoulders; then raise them aloft, at the same time looking upward.* At the first



movement of the arms the Master will say, "*To the grave we consign the body of our departed brother;*" at the second movement, "*We cherish his memory here;*" at the third, "*To God we commend his spirit.*"

18. At the close of the burial service the procession will be formed by the Marshal as before, and return in the same order in which it marched to the cemetery.

19. A Lodge in procession is to be strictly under the discipline of the lodge-room; and no brother can enter or leave the procession without permission of the Master, obtained through the Marshal, but all must return to the lodge-room and remain there until the Lodge has been closed.

20. Should other masonic bodies appear in the procession, each body will be under the direction of its Marshal; and the several Marshals should, before the procession sets out, consult with the Marshal of the Lodge (who will act as Grand Marshal) in order that there may be a perfect understanding as to the position to be occupied in the procession, the line of march, the position at the grave, and other necessary details.

21. In forming a procession the Marshal will observe the following rules: The procession should be formed in two ranks, the tallest brethren on the right. The files should be six feet apart each way, and each should cover his file leader. The brother on the right should dress by the brother on the left, preserving intervals. Care should be observed that all "keep step."

SERVICE  
IN THE  
LODGE ROOM.



## SERVICE IN THE LODGE ROOM.

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The Lodge having been opened on the third degree, and the object of the communication having been stated by the Worshipful Master, he may, if he deems it proper, invite the brethren to make such appropriate remarks on the character of the deceased as they may desire. When this is concluded the service will begin with the following prayer by the Master or Chaplain :

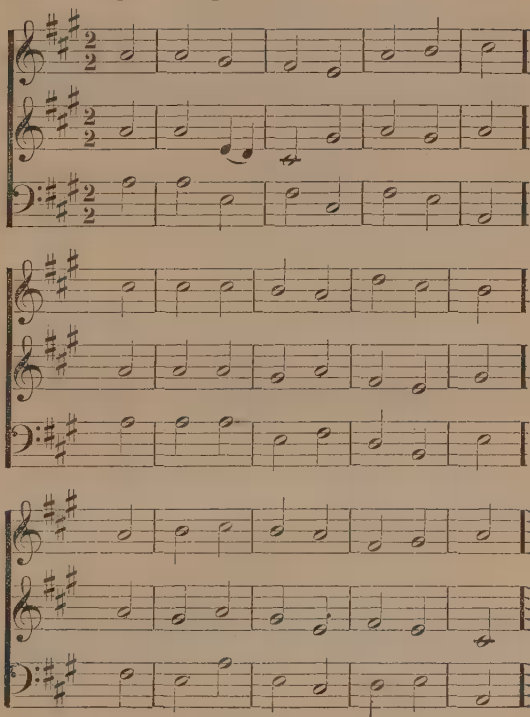
Almighty and Most Merciful Father, who alone art our refuge in every time of trouble, we come before Thee in our affliction and bereavement, and look to Thee for Thy support and consolation. In Thy wisdom Thou hast seen fit to bring trouble and distress upon us. Thou hast taken from

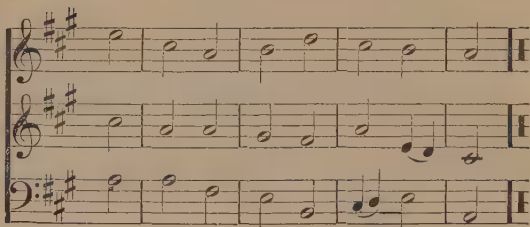
among us one who was near and dear to us by fraternal ties, and hast removed him to that celestial lodge above where he may eat of the hidden manna, and receive the white stone with a new name. And O, Father, as Thou hast taken our brother from those he loved, wilt thou be a father to the widow and the orphan. Bind up, we beseech Thee, their broken hearts; and wilt Thou lead them beside the still waters of comfort, and restore peace to their troubled souls. Bless this dispensation of Thy providence to the good of the brethren; and when Thou art done with us in this imperfect lodge below, wilt thou receive us into the Supreme Grand Lodge above, there to enjoy that refreshment and rest which Thou hast prepared for all Thy faithful servants. AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

The following or some other appropriate hymn may then be sung:

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.





Here let the sacred rites succeed,  
In honor of departed friends;  
With solemn order now proceed,  
While living faith with sorrow blends.

Now let the hymn, the humble prayer,  
From hearts sincere ascend on high;  
And mystic evergreen declare,  
That hope within us cannot die.

The friends we mourn we still may love:  
Then let our aspirations rise  
To that bright spirit-world above,  
Where virtue lives—*love never dies.*



The following may then be read by the Master or Chaplain, the brethren all standing and giving the responses:

*Master*—Lord let me know my end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live.

*Response by the Brethren*—Behold Thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee; verily every man living is altogether vanity.

*Master*—For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them.

*Response*—And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee.

*Master*—Deliver me from all my offences, and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

*Response*—When Thou, with rebukes, dost chasten man for sin, Thou makest his beauty to consume away like as it were a moth fretting a garment; every man therefore is but vanity.

*Master*—Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling; hold not Thy peace at my tears.

*Response*—For I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

*Master*—O spare me a little that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more seen.

*Response*—Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.

*Master*—Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

*Response*—Thou turnest man to destruction, again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

*Master*—For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday; seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

*Response*—As soon as Thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep; and fade away suddenly like the grass.

*Master*—In the morning it is green and groweth up; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered.

*Response*—For we consume away in Thy displeasure, and are afraid at Thy wrathful indignation.

*Master*—Thou hast set our misdeeds before Thee, and our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.

*Response*—For when Thou art angry all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

*Master*—The days of our age are threescore and ten, and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow ; so soon passeth it away and we are gone.

*Response*—So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

*Master*—AMEN.

*Resposne*—*So mote it be.*

The Master will then take the Sacred Roll,\* on which has been inscribed the name, date of birth, age, date of initiation (or affiliation), passing and raising, date of death and any matters that may be of special interest to the Lodge; and after reading the same aloud, the following prayer may be said by the Master or Chaplain:

O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of

\* A sheet of parchment prepared by the Secretary for that purpose.

need, we humbly commend the soul of our departed brother into Thy hands as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Father, humbly beseeching Thee that it may be precious in thy sight; and wilt Thou bring us all to dwell with Thee in Thy heavenly mansions above, and Thine shall be the glory, now and forever. AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

The Master will then deposit the roll in the archives of the Lodge.

A procession should then be formed and proceed to the church or house of the deceased in the following order:

Marshal.

Tiler, with drawn sword.

Stewards, with white rods.

Master Masons.

Treasurer. Secretary.

Senior and junior Wardens.

Past Masters.

Three Great Lights, on a cushion covered with  
black cloth, borne by the oldest  
member of the Lodge.

Chaplain.

Pall Bearers.

Worshipful Master.

Supported by the Deacons, with black rods.

When the procession arrives near the church or house it should halt, open to the right and left and uncover; when the Marshal, preceded by the Tiler, will pass down inside the lines and escort the Three Great Lights, the Chaplain, the Pall bearers and the Master through the lines, reversing the order of the procession. On arriving at the entrance to the church or house the Pall Bearers will open to the right and left when the master will pass through between them and enter the place of service, followed by the Chaplain, Pall Bearers, officers and brethren.

SERVICE

AT THE

CHURCH OR HOUSE





## SERVICE AT THE CHURCH OR HOUSE OF THE DECEASED.

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After the religious services have been concluded, the Master will take his position at the head of the coffin, the senior Warden at the foot, and the junior Warden on the left of the Master, mid-way between him and the senior Warden ; the Deacons, with rods crossed, at the head of the coffin, and the Stewards cross rods at the foot; while the brethren will form an oblong square around them, when the service shall be commenced by the Chaplain or Master with the following prayer, all kneeling, and repeating together :

Our Father who art in Heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom  
come, Thy will be done on earth  
as it is in Heaven. Give us this day

our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

The Master will say:

Brethren, we have again been called to the house of mourning to pay the last tribute of fraternal affection to one of our number who has gone before us to another and a better world.

Death, ever relentless and cruel, has no respect for kindred or brethren, but sunders the tenderest of all earthly ties. Our only comfort and consolation is in Him who doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. Human wisdom can devise no plan to

deliver man from the land of darkness and the shadow of death.

Our brother has completed his labors here on earth, where he wrought diligently during his allotted hours, and has gone to join that higher Lodge where, under the scrutinizing eye of the Master Builder, all our work must be proved and tried.

May we all so live that we may be found worthy to join our dear brother and the fraternity of all the just and good made perfect; and when we are called from labor to refreshment, may we be ready to depart, leaving behind us a good name and an exemplary life.

We have a strong, an abiding faith, that the grave is but a temporary resting place; and that the body, lifeless though it may be, is not dishonored and worthless, but that it will be found and be raised by the strong arm of the

Supreme Grand Master; and, in the language of Job, we can exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." Such, brethren, is our masonic faith, and such are the teachings of masonry. As masons we have one faith, one hope, one charity. We believe in and depend upon the same God, have the same hope of eternal life, and that same charity which is of an enduring and uniting nature, which will enable all the good and true to keep the unity of spirit in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life.

There is a temple in the "better land," a house not made with hands,

whose corner stone was laid thousands of years ago; and when the work of redemption shall be at last completed, when the ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion, then shall the cape stone be brought forth with everlasting joy, and with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

*Senior Warden*—I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; and He that keepeth thee will not sleep. Behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord himself is thy keeper; the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand; so that the sun shall not burn thee by day neither the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; yea, it is

even He that shall keep thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth forevermore.

*Junior Warden*—The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

*Master*—It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart.

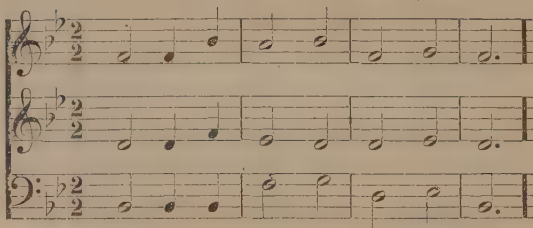
For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Standing by the coffin of our departed brother, we are assured that his soul is living in an unbroken existence. The body must be destroyed; but it shall be rebuilt, and shall be clothed upon with a spirituality. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. For this corruptible must

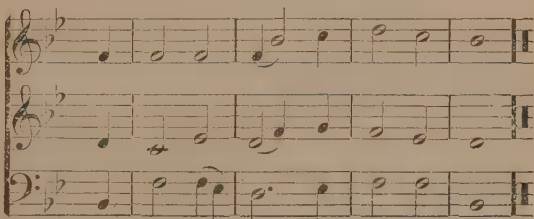
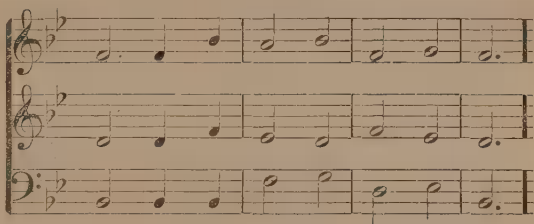
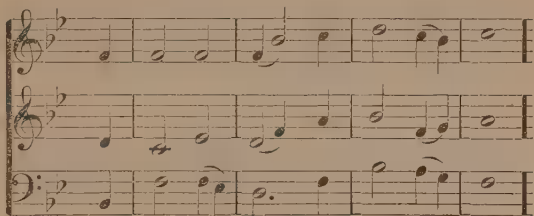
put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Brethren, let our faith be strong in God's promises; and although we bear the form of him whom we loved to its last resting place, and deposit it in the silent tomb, yet we believe we shall meet him in that blissful home, there to enjoy the companionship of all true craftsmen, through the countless ages of eternity.

The following or some other appropriate hymn may then be sung:

## WARD. I. M







Teach us, O Lord, our days to sum,  
That we to wisdom may incline;  
What steps of life are yet to come,  
What gloomy steps of pain and sin.

'Tis ours to know that we must die,  
Oh, teach us, Lord, how best to live;  
Thy love with greater power display,  
Thy grace in larger measure give.

Once more we yield the ravening tomb,  
'Tis Thy command, our brother dies;  
Once more the pall of funeral gloom,  
Once more the tribute of our sighs.

Oh, teach us, Lord, our days to sum,  
That we to wisdom may incline;  
What steps of life are yet to come,  
What gloomy steps of pain and sin.

The following prayer may then be made by  
the Chaplain or Master:

Oh merciful God and heavenly  
Father, who hast taught us in Thy  
holy word that Thou dost not willingly  
afflict or grieve the children of men,

look with pity upon this family and circle of mourning friends for whom our prayers are desired. Thou, in Thy providence, hast seen fit to visit them with trouble. Remember them, O Father, in mercy. Sanctify Thy fatherly correction to them. Endue their souls with patience under their affliction, and with resignation to Thy blessed will; comfort them with a sense of Thy goodness; lift up the light of Thy countenance upon them, and give them peace. And we most humbly beseech Thee of Thy goodness to comfort and succor all those who, in this transitory life, are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness or any other adversity. And we also bless Thy holy name for all Thy children departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that

with them we may be partakers of  
Thy heavenly kingdom in that world  
without end. AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

The procession will then be formed and proceed to the place of interment in the following order:

Marshal. Tiler, with drawn sword.  
Stewards, with white rods.  
Musicians, if they are Masons; if not,  
they will follow the Tiler.

Master Masons.

Treasurer. Secretary.

Senior and Junior Wardens.

Past Masters.

Three Great Lights, on a cushion covered with  
black cloth, carried by the oldest  
member of the Lodge.

Chaplain.

Worshipful Master, supported by two Deacons  
with black rods.

Pall Bearers.

The Body.

Pall Bearers.

Mourners

On arriving at the cemetery, the Marshal will order the procession to halt, open to the right and left and uncover.

He will then, preceded by the Tiler, pass down inside the lines until he meets the Master, whom he will escort through the lines, followed by the Chaplain, the Pall Bearers with the remains, and the mourners.

As soon as the mourners have arrived within the lines, the brethren will form in immediately after them, thus reversing the procession.

As the Master approaches the grave, he or the Chaplain will read the following or other appropriate passages of scripture.

I am the resurrection and the life [saith the Lord]; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide and our support, even through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.

When the procession has reached the grave, the Master will take his position at the head of the grave, supported on either side by the Wardens, while the Marshal will see that the mourners are placed at the foot of the same, the Chaplain standing with them. While this is being done, the Deacons and Stewards will take positions, the brethren at the same time forming an "oblong square" or parallelogram, the Deacons and Stewards respectively occupying each the right angles of the same; the senior Warden's column standing erect at the head, and the junior Warden's column lying prostrate at the foot of the grave. (See diagram on page 9.) When all is ready the service will begin. Should there be a religious service at the grave, the masonic service will commence as soon as that is concluded.

SERVICE

AT

THE GRAVE.





## SERVICE AT THE GRAVE.

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### PRAYER,

BY THE CHAPLAIN OR MASTER.

O, eternal God, our heavenly Father, in whose hands are the destinies of all men, look thou in mercy upon us as we appear before Thee, under circumstances of such deep solemnity. Help us to feel how frail is man, and how uncertain the continuance of our lives upon earth; and, as we are here reminded of our own mortality, lead us by Thy grace and Spirit to turn our thoughts to those things which make for our everlasting peace; and give us hearts to make a proper improvement of all the admonitions of Thy providence.

Let Thy blessing, O Lord, rest upon the Fraternity here represented, called to pay to one of their number the last tribute of respect and brotherly affection. Make each one wise and diligent in the discharge of his duty and obligation to God and man.

May we all be guided by the principles of sacred truth in all our intercourse between man and man. May our confidence and hope be in Thee; and, O our Father, when thou shalt call us away from the scenes and cares of earth, when we pass through the dark valley of death, O let Thy presence cheer us, Thy hand sustain us, and wilt thou bring us all to dwell with Thee in Thy heavenly temple, to go no more out forever; and the glory shall be thine now and evermore.  
AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

The following Address is then given by the Master:

Brethren! We are again standing within this city of the dead. Here solemn silence reigns supreme, disturbed only by the gentle breeze which is wafted to these sleeping ones, who repose so sweetly that they heed it not. They have finished their labors upon earth, and have found a common resting-place beneath these forest trees, whose overhanging branches shelter them alike from the sunshine and the storm. We love the spot that holds them in its embrace; knowing that we soon must take our place beside them, as one going to a welcome rest. This silent city teaches us in its calm stillness, by its lettered stones, its mute marble lips, those lessons of duty and love which, alas! we too often forget, amid the heat and bustle of the day.

Here we have come to deposit in this narrow house, all that remains of one who was near and dear to us by fraternal ties. He who now lies before us, wrapt in that unbroken slumber, was our brother. Side by side have we traveled life's rugged pathway, and with him have we rejoiced in prosperity and mourned in the dark day of adversity.

Our presence here is evidence that we loved him; and we remember him in scenes which the world knows not of.

It is true he had the faults and failings of our earthly nature, for he was human—not divine; and whatever his errors of life may have been, let us gather around them the broad mantle of charity, for that, like the good deeds of our brother, extends beyond the narrow limits of the grave.

While we deplore the loss of our beloved brother, and pay this fraternal tribute to his memory, let us not forget, brethren, that we, too, are mortal; that our bodies, now so strong and vigorous, must ere long like his become tenants of our mother earth, and that our spirits, too, like his, must return to the God who spake them into existence.

With becoming reverence then let us supplicate the Divine grace to insure the favor of that Eternal Being whose goodness and power know no bounds, that on the arrival of that momentous hour when the fading taper of human life shall faintly glimmer in the socket of existence, our Faith shall remove the dark cloud, draw aside the sable curtains of the tomb, and bid Hope sustain and cheer the departing spirit.

All that now remains of our departed brother here on earth, is enclosed within that narrow coffin, a lifeless mass of clay. The deep, the agonizing sorrow of those to whom he was most near and dear; the scalding tears which have been shed upon his last earthly tenement; the manly and fraternal grief of his brethren of the "mystic tie," are all by him unheeded. His every faculty has fled. The purple current which sustained his life has ceased to flow. The tongue which was wont to give utterance to the emotions and feelings of the heart, performs no more its functions. The eyes which so lately reflected the movements of the intelligent principle within, are now closed in death. Unfitted to remain longer upon earth, we lay him reverently beneath its surface. We consign him

to the grave—to the long sleep or death. There will he slumber until the archangel's trump shall usher in that eventful morn when, at our Supreme Grand Master's word, he will be raised to that Blissful Lodge which no time can remove, and which to those worthy of admission will remain open through the countless ages of eternity. In that heavenly sanctuary the mystic light, unmingled with darkness, will remain unbroken and perpetual. There, amid the sunbeam smiles of Immutable Love, under the benignant gaze of the All Seeing Eye, in that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—there, my brethren, may Almighty God in His infinite mercy grant that we may meet to part no more.

The body will now be lowered into the grave by the Pall Bearers, after which the Master will continue:

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God in his wise providence to take out of the world the soul of our deceased Brother, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth (*here the S. W. will sprinkle the earth upon the coffin*), ashes to ashes (*here more earth*), dust to dust (*here more earth*); looking for the general resurrection in the last day, when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead.

Friend and Brother, thou art at rest from thy labors; may it be in peace.  
AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

The Master, taking the apron, continues:

The lambskin, or white leather apron, is the first gift bestowed on the newly



initiated brother. It is an emblem of innocence, and the badge of a Mason. It is more ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman Eagle, and, when worthily worn, more honorable than Star or Garter, or any other order or title which earthly power can confer. This emblem I now deposit in the grave of our deceased brother.

Unfolding it, and dropping it into the grave.

By this act we are reminded of the universal dominion of death. The arm of friendship cannot oppose the King of Terrors; the shield of fraternal love cannot protect his victim; nor can the charms of innocence avert his fate. All, all must die! This grave, and this circle of mourning friends, remind us that we, too, are mortal, and that ere long our bodies also shall moulder into dust. Many

who began the bright season with us are now sleeping their last sleep. The winds of winter, chanting a solemn requiem, nor the howling tempests of the season of storm, disturb not the deep repose into which they have fallen. The rustling of the withered leaf and the chill autumnal blast fall on their ear no more. Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. We all do fade as a leaf. All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. The grave is our common home. How important then is it for us to know that our Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

The Master and Brethren holding the ever-green, the Master will say:

This evergreen, which once marked the temporary resting-place of one illustrious in Masonic history, is an emblem of our enduring faith in the immortality of the soul. By it we are reminded that there is within us a Divine spark of life, struck from the Rock, which animates and governs the body. By it we are admonished that, like our brother, whose remains we have deposited in the bosom of our mother earth, we, too, shall soon be clothed in the habiliments of death, and be deposited in the silent tomb. We walk upon the ashes of the generations who have gone before us, and our bodies must soon crumble into dust. It is through the gate of death that we find an entrance to the place of wages, refreshment and rest. The Supreme Master of the Universe, before whom we bow in humble adora-

tion, and whose All Seeing Eye has marked our labors in the Lodge below, promises to spread before us in that stupendous Lodge above, all the joys and glories of His Eternal Sabbath. There the designs upon the Trestle-board will be seen completed. There the adoration of High Twelve will be the everlasting joy. There, we confidently hope that, like this evergreen, our souls will hereafter flourish in eternal spring.

The Master will then deposit the evergreen with the following words:

This I do in memory of my departed Brother.

The brethren will then face to the left, and all commence moving around the grave. As each one arrives at the head of the grave, he will deposit the evergreen in silence. When

this is concluded, the Grand honors will be given in the following manner:

*Extend the arms toward the grave with the palms of the hands uppermost; then cross the arms over the breast, the left above the right, the open palms of the hands resting upon the shoulders; then raise them aloft, at the same time looking upward.*

During the first movement of the arms, the Master only will say,

To the grave we consign the body  
of our departed brother;

at the second movement,

We cherish his memory here;

at the third,

To God we commend his spirit.

The funeral Grand honors should be given but once—not three times, as has been the custom in some jurisdictions.

PRAYER BY THE CHAPLAIN OR  
MASTER.

We humbly beseech Thee, O Father, mercifully to assist our prayers and supplications, which we make before Thee in all our troubles and adversities whensoever they oppress us, and wilt Thou turn from us all those evils that we most justly have deserved, and grant, that in all our afflictions, we may put our whole trust and confidence in Thee, evermore serving Thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of our lives.

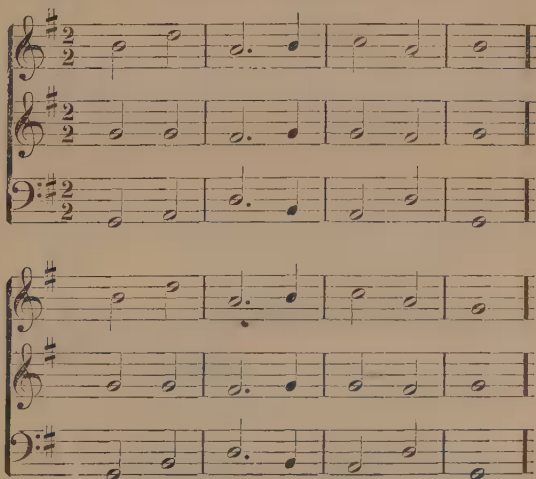
Finally, we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed, in mind, body or estate; that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their suf-

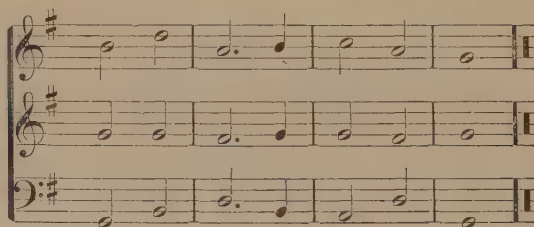
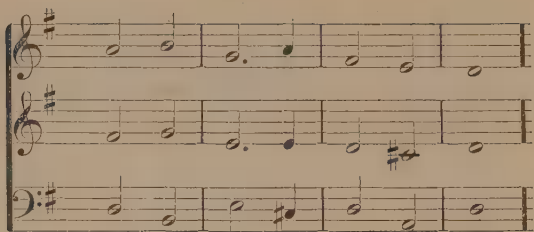
ferings and a happy issue out of all their afflictions, and to Thee, O Father, shall be all honor and glory, world without end. AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

Either of the following Hymns should then be sung:

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s





Solemn strikes the fun'ral chime,  
Notes of our departing time,  
As we journey here below  
Through a pilgrimage of wo.

Mortals now indulge a tear,  
For mortality is here;  
See how wide her trophies wave  
O'er the slumbers of the grave.



Here another guest we bring!  
Seraphs of celestial wing,  
To our funeral altar come,  
Waft our friend and brother home.

Lord of all below, above,  
Fill our souls with Truth and Love;  
As dissolves our earthly tie,  
Take us to thy Lodge on high!

Or these words:

Softly, sadly, bear him forth  
To his dark and silent bed;  
Weep not that he's lost to earth,  
Weep not that his spirit's fled.

This our Brother, gone before,  
May we in remembrance keep;  
Hoping, as time passes o'er,  
We shall meet where none e'er weep.

Sadly now we lay his form  
In the tomb to moulder still,  
Hoping in the eternal morn  
Christ his promise will fulfill.

One last look—one parting sigh,  
Ah! too sad for words to tell;  
Yet, though tears may dim each eye,  
Hope we still, and sigh, Farewell!

The Master will continue:

To the bereaved and mourning friends and relatives of our deceased brother, we tender our heartfelt sympathies. We sincerely hope and pray that He who “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb” will look down with infinite compassion upon the widow and the fatherless in the hour of their desolation, and that He will fold the arms of His love and protection around those who put their trust and confidence in Him. You have here, in this open grave, deposited the form of one who was dear to you all while living; and although he cannot now speak to you in those accents of love,

is yet with you in your heart of hearts. Ah! my friends, there are interviews with the departed ones whom we dearly loved, so close and so tender, that any other ear, no matter how compassionate, would desecrate them. We have news of *our dead*—God hath not shut them in forever. We can turn our eyes to that Bright Land and to the shores that they inhabit. There is no mirage, no delusion there. That land exists; and those odors and angelic strains of music and voices in the air, outlines and footsteps, and the name tenderly whispered in our ear when none living are by, are borne to us from the further strand. In such hours our loved ones come around us; even the grave keeps them not back. They come to brighten the golden chain of early affection and to influence our lives to higher and to nobler deeds.

Dear friends bless God for this victory over the grave; that death, when he seals the lip and chills the form, cannot hush that sweeter voice, nor blight that brighter vision, which lingers within the heart. Dark indeed would be our way, could we not gather round us all the loved ones, and hold them in our affections and feel that they all live unto us. It is that which lifts the spirit within us until it can overlook the shadow of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain which binds us to materiality. and opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty. Then be comforted; for your friend, our brother, is not dead, but lives in that blissful world—that land towards which we all are hastening.

Soft and safe to you, my brother, be this earthly bed! bright and glorious

be thy rising from it! Fragrant be the acacia sprig which here shall flourish!

May the earliest buds of spring unfold their beauties over this your resting place, and here may the sweetness of the summer's last rose linger longest! Though the cold blasts of autumn may lay them in the dust, and for a time destroy their loveliness, yet the destruction is not final, and in the spring time they shall surely bloom again. So in the bright morning of the world's resurrection, your mortal frame, now laid in the dust, shall spring again into newness of life, and expand in immortal beauty in realms beyond the skies. Until then, dear Brother, until then, farewell!!

The Chaplain or Master will then pronounce the following

BENEDICTION.

The Lord bless us and keep us!  
The Lord make his face to shine upon  
us, and be gracious unto us! The Lord  
lift upon us the light of his counte-  
nance and give us peace! AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

Thus the service ends; and the procession will be formed as before, and return to the Lodge Room, where the necessary business of Masonry should be renewed; and when completed the Lodge will be closed in form.

GENERAL REGULATIONS  
FOR  
MASONIC PROCESSIONS.





## REGULATIONS FOR MASONIC PROCESSIONS.

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When the Grand Master, or Deputy Grand Master, or either of the Grand Wardens, joins the procession of a subordinate Lodge, proper respect is to be paid to the rank of the officer. His position will be immediately in front of the Master and Wardens of the Lodge, and two Deacons will be appointed to attend him.

When the Grand or Deputy Grand Master is present, the book of Constitutions will be borne before him by the Master of the oldest Lodge present. The book of Constitutions must never be borne in processions unless the Grand Master or Deputy Grand Master be present.

In entering public buildings, "The Three Great Lights of Masonry" and the book of Constitutions are to be placed in front of the Grand Master and the Grand Marshal, and Grand Deacons must attend them.

When a procession faces inward, the Deacons

and Stewards will cross their rods so as to form an arch.

Marshals are to walk or ride on the left flank of a procession.

The appropriate costume of a Marshal is a cocked hat, sword and scarf, with a baton in his hand. The color of the scarf should be blue in the procession of a Subordinate Lodge, and purple in that of a Grand Lodge.

All masonic processions should return in the same order in which they started.

The post of honor in a masonic procession is always on the left.

When several masonic bodies appear in a funeral procession, that body which performs the funeral rites should always occupy the extreme left, next to and in front of the remains; the others serving as an escort only.

RITUAL

FOR A

LODGE OF SORROW



## INTRODUCTION.

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A Ritual for a Lodge of Sorrow must necessarily partake of a solemn character, and be prepared to be used only within the precincts of our Lodge Rooms, in Churches or in Public Halls.

Lodges of Sorrow, although not frequent, have occasionally been held in this and other countries; but the want of a proper Ritual for such occasions has deterred many brethren from convening together for the purpose of paying that respect so justly due to the memory of their masonic dead, and recalling to the minds of the living a recollection of their virtues and their noble deeds of charity and disinterestedness.

These Lodges furnish the mind with subjects for thought and serious reflection. They lift the soul above the grovelling things of earth, until it roams the wide field of space and thought, seeking its companionship with those who have crossed "the dark valley" and are only waiting to embrace the loved ones on this side the river.

The voice of adoration and praise, as well as of weeping and sorrow, may there be heard; and holy vows, and solemn prayers, and penitential supplications will breathe throughout the place devoted to those sacred rites.

The aged father, the bowed down and infirm mother, the bereaved widow, the lonely orphan, the affectionate brother and tender sister, may all come and pour out their griefs with the brethren around the masonic altar, and in their own secret thoughts, contemplate the hour when "this mortal shall put on immortality," and when "death shall be swallowed up in victory."

The poor and the unfortunate may here come, and, gazing on the shields which bear the names of the departed, in the composed spirit of resignation exclaim:

"Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

From what has been said, it will be seen that a Lodge of Sorrow should be open to all who desire to be present, and the services should be so arranged and so conducted that all may take a deep interest.

In the responses which are made, in the Chants and in the Hymns which are sung, all should join.

The music, both vocal and instrumental, should be of a solemn character, and suited to the occasion.

In conclusion, we recommend to each Lodge who mourn the loss of their brethren, the holding of a Lodge of Sorrow once in each year, and that it be held as near the close of the year as practicable. Where two or more Lodges unite for such a purpose, the expenses would be materially reduced.

In cities where there are several Lodges, it is advisable for all to contribute toward the catafalque, furniture, drapery, etc., and that each Lodge use the same as occasion requires.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR HOLDING A LODGE OF SORROW.

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1st. The time having been fixed by the Master, he should order the Secretary to notify the members of the Lodge, and invite them to be present with their families. Care should be taken that the relatives of the deceased brethren be especially invited.

2d. The members should be clothed in black, with white lambskin aprons and white gloves.

3rd. The Hall or Lodge Room, and the Master's and Warden's stations, should be heavily, yet appropriately, draped in black.

4th. The catafalque, consisting of three platforms, one above the other, with four upright standards, one at each corner, should be placed a little toward the east of the centre of the Hall or Lodge Room. Should the room be large, the foundation platform may be eight feet long by six feet wide; but if the room is of moderate dimensions, then the lower platform may be four feet wide by six feet in length, and the



other two platforms in proportion. The rise of the platforms should be from six to eight inches. On the upper platform there should be placed a box, six feet long by two feet wide, and two feet in depth; on which should be placed an urn, a trowel, a lambskin apron and a pair of white gloves.

The platform should be made in sections, and covered with black cloth. The canopy should be of black cloth and the sides and ends neatly festooned. Shields of white, bearing the names of the dead, should be placed in a conspicuous manner on the catafalque.

5th. On each side of the platform should be seated three brethren, facing the Master, and by the side of each, a taper or candle, so arranged that it may be quickly extinguished and re-lighted.

6th. When the Master is ready to open the Lodge, he will order the lights in the Hall to be turned partly down; and they will remain so until the second part of the service has been reached, when they will be increased as before.

7th. When the brethren and their friends are seated, and the room is perfectly still, the exercises will commence.

## OPENING OF A LODGE OF SORROW.

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[Voluntary by the organist.]

*Master.* Brother Junior Deacon?

*J. D.* Worshipful Master.

*M.* Are all who desire to be present on this occasion now within the Lodge Room (or Hall), and are they comfortably seated?

*J. D.* They are.

*M.* You will then close the outer door, and allow none to enter or retire during the solemn services of opening this Lodge of Sorrow.

*M.* Brother Senior Warden?

*S. W.* Worshipful Master.

*M.* This emergent Lodge having been assembled for the purpose of

paying a tribute of respect and affection to the memory and virtues of our deceased Brethren, it is my order that a Lodge of Sorrow be now opened, for the performance of the solemn ceremonies in which we are about to engage. This my order you will communicate to the Junior Warden, and he to the Brethren present, that all having due notice may govern themselves accordingly.

*S. W.* Brother Junior Warden?

*J. W.* Brother Senior Warden.

*S. W.* It is the order of the Worshipful Master that this Lodge of Sorrow be now opened, for the rendering of those solemn services in which we are about to engage. This his will and pleasure you will proclaim to all present, that the occasion may be observed with due order and solemnity.

*J. W.* (calling up). Brethren, and

all who are present, take notice, that it is the order of the Worshipful Master that this Lodge of Sorrow be now opened with appropriate ceremonies, befitting the sad rites in which we are about to engage. You will observe the order and decorum becoming the solemnity of such mournful occasions.

The following may then be sung:

CHANT

FOR A "LODGE OF SORROW."

Composed by J. R. BLODGETT.

1. O Lord God of my sal - vation,  
 2. O let my prayer enter into thy presence,

3. For my soul is full of trouble,  
 4. Thou hast laid me in the low - est pit,

5. My sight faileth for ve - ry trouble,  
 6. I have stretched forth my hands unto thee,

7. Shall thy loving kindness be showed in the grave,  
 8. Unto thee have I cried, O Lord,

9. O deliver me, for I am helpless and poor,

1. I have cried                      day and night be-fore thee.  
 2. Incline thine                      ear un - to my calling.

3. And my life draweth              nigh un - to the grave.  
 4. In the place of                      dark-ness, and in the deep.

5. Lord, I have called              dai - ly up - on thee.  
 6. Dost thou show wonders  
     among the dead, or  
     shall the dead rise up a-gain and praise thee.

7. Or thy                      faithfulness in de-struction.  
 8. And early shall my              pray - er come be-fore thee.

9. And my heart is                      wound-ed with - in me.

PRAYER.

O Eternal God, mighty in power and infinite in wisdom, Thou hast promised that where two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt be in their midst, and that to bless them. In Thy name we appear before Thee, beseeching Thee to accept our prayers and supplications; and wilt Thou bless the solemn services in which we are now to engage to the good of the mourning relatives and friends of our deceased brethren, and to the Craft here assembled. And we humbly entreat Thee, mercifully to assist our prayers which we make unto Thee in all our troubles and adversities, and grant that in all our afflictions we may put our whole trust and confidence in Thee; evermore serving Thee

in purity of living to thy honor and glory in a world without end. AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

*Master.* Brethren, I now declare this Lodge of Sorrow opened in form, and I invoke your assistance during the solemn services of the occasion.

[Solemn music.]

The Master will then say :

Brethren! Death is a solemn thing, come when and in what form it may. Solemn, when the life-cords are so slowly and gradually relaxed that the poor, weak sufferer passes from earth to heaven as softly as music from the slumbering harp strings; solemn, when, in the still twilight of the evening hour, or at the midnight of low twelve, surrounded by those he loves, the departing one discourses of heaven



and of holy things, and when, amid the sighs and prayers and tears of earthly friends, the struggling spirit bursts the walls of its clay tenement and wings its flight to that brighter and better world. Solemn, when, far away from home and loved ones, the way-worn traveler is compelled to lay down the burden of this wearisome life, without one of God's ministering angels of mercy to bathe his fevered brow, or moisten his parched lips, or close his dying eyes. Come when and how it may, the hour of our departure is fearful and solemn. The thoughts which then come crowding the brain, like the last inhabitants of a crumbling tenement or a deserted city, are entirely different from those that occupied it before decay and death had commenced their work.

The period of dissolution brings with it emotions of a peculiar nature.

The faculties which, during a long protracted illness, seemed to have lost their power, are again aroused into action, and the soul is awakened to the relationship of objects which are new and strange.

Memory, in a moment, traverses the whole course of life, and scenes which were long ago forgotten, pass before the mirror of the mind in quick and rapid succession, showing our dark deeds of unkindness; the hearts we have “transpierced with many a wound;” the sad mistakes of a lifetime, too late to be corrected—all our sins, like swift-shooting meteors, pass before us in review. But if we have performed acts of generosity; if we have cheered the widow in her desolation; if we have relieved the orphan’s

loneliness; if the pathway of one individual has lost a thorn through our instrumentality; in a word, if we have lived as we should have lived, endeavoring to do our duty to God and man, memory in the last trying hour will repeat it with strains of exultation.

But the past does not alone employ the dying hour. Imagination comes to borrow life even from death itself.

Cares cease to distress. The last tear falls from the eye; the last sigh escapes the bosom.

Darkness — thick darkness, gathers around the dying one, relieved only by the pure light of heaven, which, like a glorious sunset, gilds the closing day.

† Brother! shrink not from that hour!  
 Let the Great Light in Masonry be

a lamp unto thy feet and a light to thy path.

Follow its teachings, for they will make you wiser, better, happier; and then, whenever or wherever this dread event occurs, it shall find you ready and thoroughly prepared. Whether at midnight or at noonday, at early morn or dewy eve, amid the consolation of home and friends, or the privations of a strange land; whether on the angry uprising billow or on the fruitful plain, its stern brow shall bear a soft and holy expression, and its angry voice shall speak no tones but those of peace and love.

The present hour, my friends, is a time for meditation and serious thought.

Retired as we are from the busy scenes of life, with the world around us shut out, let us here reflect as to

the manner in which we have spent the years which are past and gone. How many hours neglected! How many hopes destroyed! How many disappointments created! How many heart-burnings and bickerings engendered! How many thorns and thistles have we strewn over life's pathway, making the road for others yet more rough and rugged than if we had but acted well our part in the great drama!

When we consider the uncertainty of human life — when we reflect that but a few days since those Brethren whose loss we now deplore were with us in the midst of health, of anticipation and of brightest hopes, we can but pause and ask if we too are mortal?

Brother! listen to that solemn admonition, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt surely die."

“Prepare to meet thy God,” is the mandate of our Supreme Grand Master; and may you so live, that when your summons comes to join the innumerable caravan that moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, you go not, like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach your grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

We have met within this quiet retreat to hold communion with our departed brethren. Amid the stillness of the hour, thoughts of them now fill our minds.

Memory, love and hope hold triple watch and ward to-night around their

resting places, until the stars come to relieve the vigil.

We choose this place because it was one dear to them while living, and it impresses the mind with serenity, quietude and rest.

Our thoughts may here be soothed and tranquilized by the sweet influences which surround us. Here may we learn those lessons of love and duty which we too much forget amid the turmoils of the day.

Here may we learn how willingly the world forgets the evils of our lives; how generously it remembers our imperfect good, and that none need to live unloved—to die unhonored or unwept.

It is a touching and a pleasing thought, that the spirits of the dear departed may revisit this earth, and hold sweet communion with the liv-

ing; that they are with us in this solemn hour, to bind us more closely to them, heart to heart and soul to soul.

To this Lodge of Sorrow let us then come, as to a common reservoir, where a thousand streamlets of affection will flow, watering and keeping alive in our memories the virtues and good deeds of our dead—obliterating all their errors. To it the bereaved widow may turn in sadness; while from it she may look up, with a strong confiding faith, to a heavenly rest, and lean upon the strength of Him who “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.”

As the stillness which pervades this place is not disturbed by the angry passions that mar the character of man, and so often disturb the quiet of community, so should we here give full scope to those heaven-born vir-



tues, Faith, Hope and Charity; and as we are taught, when trouble and distress come upon us, to seek comfort and consolation from the Holy Scriptures, let us give attention to their reading by our Reverend Brother.

The Chaplain will then read the following:

Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth? are not his days also like the days of a hireling? As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as a hireling looketh for the reward of his work, so am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed unto me. When I lie down I say, When shall I arise and the night be gone? I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust;

my skin is broken and become loathsome. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more. My soul chooseth death rather than life. I would not live always.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee. Hide not Thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline Thine ear unto me; in the day when I call answer me speedily. For my days are consumed as smoke, and my bones are burned as a hearth. My heart is smitten and withered like grass, so that I forget to eat my bread. By reason of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness;  
I am like an owl of the desert, and  
my days are like a shadow that de-  
clineth. O take me not away in the  
midst of my days; Thy years are  
throughout all generations. Of old  
hast Thou laid the foundations of the  
earth, and the heavens are the work  
of Thy hands. They shall perish, but  
Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them  
shall wax old like a garment; as a  
vesture shalt Thou change them, and  
they shall be changed, but Thou art  
the same, and Thy years shall have  
no end.

Unto Thee will I cry; be not silent  
to me, lest if Thou be silent I become  
like them that go down into the pit.  
Hear the voice of my supplication  
when I cry unto Thee. Be not far  
from me, for trouble is near, and there  
is none to help. For Thine arrows

stick fast in me, and Thy hand presseth me sore. I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long. Forsake me not; be not far from me; O make haste to help me.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days what it is, that I may know how frail I am. Behold Thou hast made my days as a handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before Thee; verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee. Deliver me from all my transgressions, make me not the reproach of the foolish. I was dumb; I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it. Remove Thy stroke away from me; I am consumed by the blow of Thy hand. When Thou, with rebukes, dost correct man for iniquity, Thou makest his beauty to consume

away like a moth; surely every man is vanity. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not Thy peace at my tears, for I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more.

Silence will now reign throughout the Hall for the space of one or two minutes, when the choir will sing the following:

## H Y M N

FOR A "LODGE OF SORROW."

*Moderato.*

Composed by J. R. BLODGETT.



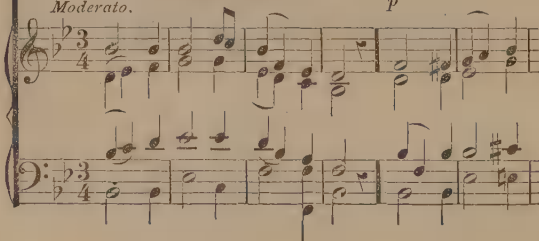
1. On thy bo-som, might-y Lord, Gent - ly may we



2. As we pass the vale of death, Round us throw the



3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn, Raise us with thine

*Moderato.**p*



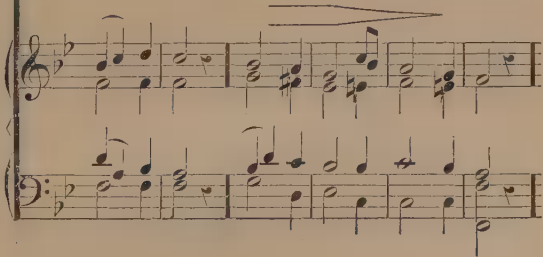
fall a-sleep; Trust-ing in thy sa-cred word,



arm of love, When we yield this fleet-ing breath,



own right hand, Freed from en-vy and from scorn,





Keep us, O, our Fa-ther, keep. From the ter - rors



Bear us to thy Lodge a-bove, In the "house not



Bring us to the bet - ter land, Where from la - bor



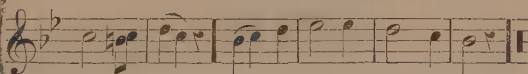




of the grave, Save us "*Ju-dah's Li-on*" save.



made with hands," Compassed round with angel bands.



brethren cease, Share refreshment, dwell in peace.



## PRAYER,

BY THE CHAPLAIN.

Almighty God! the author of life and death, of sickness and health, regard our supplications, we humbly beseech Thee; and as Thou hast thought fit to visit this Lodge with mortality, in the midst of Thy judgments, O Father, remember mercy. Have pity upon us, and withdraw Thy chastening hand, which now so sorely oppresses us.

May this, Thy fatherly correction, have its due influence upon us all, by leading us to consider how frail and uncertain our life is; that we may apply our hearts unto that heavenly wisdom which will finally bring us to everlasting life. AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

The Marshal will now form a procession in the following order:

Marshal.

Two Stewards with white rods.

Master Masons.

Treasurer — Secretary.

Senior and Junior Wardens, with columns.

Past Masters.

Chaplain.

Worshipful Master,

supported by two Deacons with black rods.

Should the Hall be crowded, the Master Masons may be excused from forming in the procession.

When the procession is formed, it will move once entirely around the Hall, the brethren observing intervals of at least two feet; all “keeping step” to solemn music.

On arriving in the South, the Marshal will order the procession to halt and face to the front (in two ranks); when the Junoir Warden will advance to the catafalque and strew upon it a handful of white flowers, saying,

*Junior Warden.* Charge us not with superstitious thought for the pious act of strewing flowers over the graves of those we love.

Greeks, Romans and Celts alike have adorned the sepulchres of their dead with their fairest, sweetest flowers; not because they were taught thus by their laws, but it was an innate, native feeling;—a feeling so warm, so true, so devoted, that it had its counterpart only in love for Him who created them. The Christian and the Heathen have from time immemorial bedecked the tomb of the loved and honored dead with the choicest flowers of their native land; and in humble commemoration of the virtues, the correct lives and noble deeds of those brethren whose memories we have met to cherish, I strew these flowers, which remind us that we too

are but the creatures of a day, and that like them we must soon fade and die, and yet like them we may leave behind us a sweet remembrance.

The Junior Warden will resume his place in the procession, when an interval of silence will be observed; after which the procession will face to the left and pass twice around the Hall, and on arriving in the West it will halt and face to the front, when the Senior Warden will advance to the catafalque and say,

*Senior Warden.* These flowers are emblems of the boundless love of God to all his children. Each blossom that adorns our pathway through life, is but a drop of love Divine.

In memory of our departed brethren, I encircle this urn with this wreath of flowers [placing it on the urn], thereby rendering that homage so justly due to their virtues and departed worth.

Here we raise an altar sacred to their memory, consecrating it with tears and sighs and holy affections; while the flowers that bloom thereon are the offering which an unforgotten love presents to the cherished ones, who now slumber beneath the clods of the valley.

The Senior Warden will resume his place, and an interval of silence will be observed; when the procession will face to the left, and to solemn music pass three times entirely around the room; and on arriving in the East, it will open to the right and left, forming two lines lengthwise of the Hall; when the Master and Past Masters, bearing wreaths of evergreen for each shield, will advance to the catafalque, and the Master will say,

*Master.* If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. Trouble and

sorrow come upon us — sickness and death visit us. The grave is the common home of man, whither we all are hastening. The prince and the peasant must lie down side by side, for death makes no distinction between the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned. All must travel the same dark pathway. But we have an abiding faith in the promises of God—a faith which extends beyond the grave, through the boundless realms of eternity; and by this evergreen we are reminded that though a man die yet he shall live again. The grave is but the temporary resting place of the body, while the soul, freed from its thralldom, mounts upward to that blissful realm—that land where sorrow never comes, and friends are never parted.

(Here place the wreaths on the shields).

Our brethren are not dead but sleeping; — awaiting the Grand Master's word, which shall raise them to that Blissful Lodge where we hope to meet them; there to enjoy that refreshment and rest which is in store for all those who love Him.

The wreaths of evergreen having been placed so as to surround the different shields, leaving the names in full view, the Master and Past Masters will return to their places, and all will be seated.

The following hymn will then be sung by the Choir:



HYMN

FOR A "LODGE OF SORROW." C. M.

Composed by J. R. BLODGETT,  
Organist of Trinity Church, Chicago.



1. Hear, gra - cious God, my hum - ble moan, To



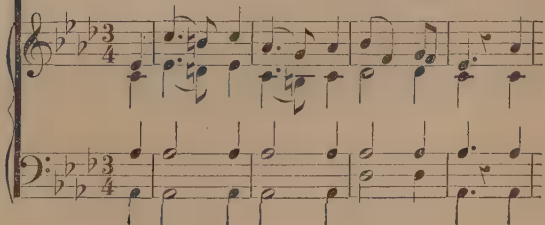
2. Yet though my soul in darkness mourns, Thy



3. Come thou, and with ce - les - tial peace Re -



4. O come, my droop - ing spir - its raise To

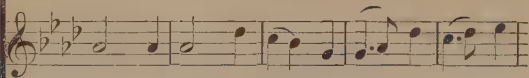




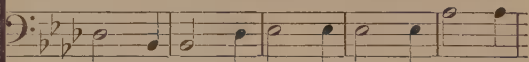
thee I breathe my sighs; When will the mournful



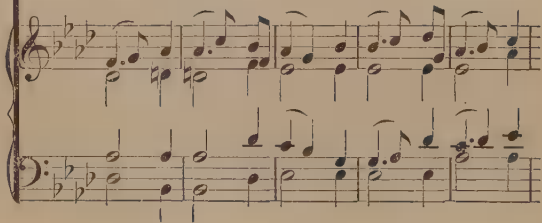
promise is my stay; Here would I rest till

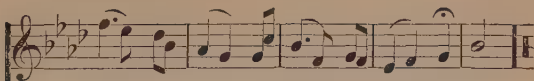


lieve my ach - ing heart; O smile and bid my



realms a - bove the night; Dispel the darkness

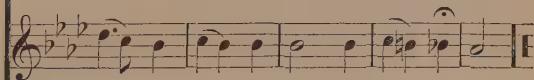




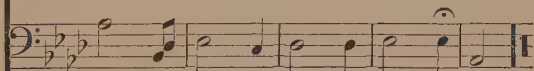
night be gone? When shall my joys a-rise?



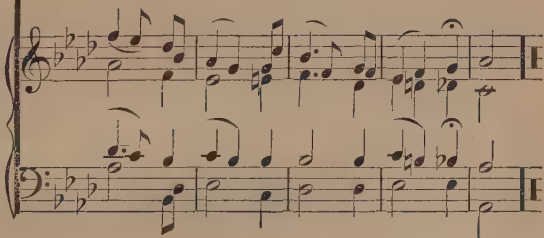
Light re - turns, Thy presence makes my day.



sor - rows cease, And all their gloom de - part.



and the gloom, Come thou! and give me Light!!



As the Choir sing the last words, "Come thou and give me light," the lights of the room will be instantly raised to their former brilliancy, and the remaining part of the service will assume a more cheerful aspect.

The Master will then call upon the brethren, whom he may have previously appointed, to make such remarks as may be deemed appropriate as to the characters and virtues of the deceased brethren; each brother speaking briefly, and of but one. When this is concluded, the Chaplain may read the following:

O come, let us give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious, and His mercy endureth forever.

He hath not dealt with us according to our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities; but as the heaven is high above the earth, so great hath been His mercy toward us. We found trouble and heaviness; we were even at death's door. Then we cried unto Thee, and Thou didst deliver us out of

our distress. Thou didst not despise the prayers of Thy servants, but didst hear our cry. O let us therefore praise our God for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he hath done for us and for the children of men.

Blessed be the name of His Majesty forever and ever, and let every one of us say, AMEN, AMEN.

A funeral Oration may now be delivered.

[Vocal or Instrumental Music.]

## CLOSING.

*Master.* Brother Senior Warden?

*Senior Warden.* Worshipful Master.

*Master.* We are now about to quit this quiet retreat, and to mingle again with the world. May we carry with

us from this place the lessons of wisdom to which we have listened, and may they incite us to do our whole duty to God and man. And as our labors are ended, it is my pleasure that this Lodge of Sorrow be now closed.

This you will communicate to the Junior Warden, and he to the brethren present, that all may be invited to assist in the closing ceremonies.

*Senior Warden.* Brother Junior Warden?

*Junior Warden.* Brother Senior Warden.

*Senior Warden.* It is the will and pleasure of the Worshipful Master that this Lodge of Sorrow be now closed. This you will proclaim to all present, and invite them to join us in the closing exercises.

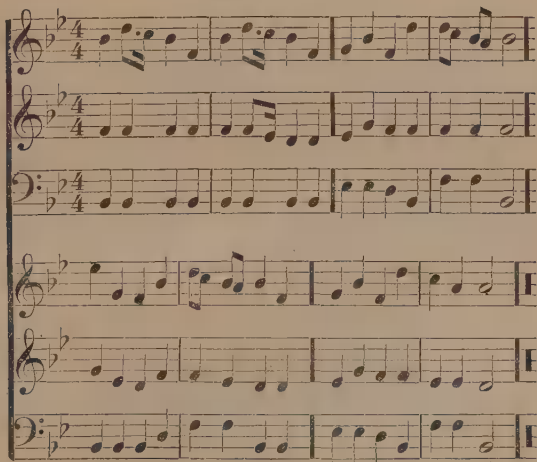
*Junior Warden* (calling up). Brethren, and all present, take notice,

that the labors of this Lodge of Sorrow being terminated, it is the pleasure of the Worshipful Master that it be now closed, and you are all invited to assist in the closing of the same.

*Master.* Let us all unite in singing our closing hymn.

PART IN PEACE.

WILMOT. 8s and 7s.



Part in peace! is day before us?

Praise his name for life and light;  
Are the shadows length'ning o'er us?  
Bless his name who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,  
Rendering, as we homeward tread,  
Gracious service to the living,  
Tranquil mem'ry to the dead.

Part in peace! such are the praises  
God, our Maker, loveth best;  
Such the worship that upraises  
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

The Chaplain will then pronounce the Benediction:

The Lord bless us and keep us.  
The Lord make his face to shine upon  
us and be gracious unto us. The  
Lord lift up his countenance upon us  
and give us peace both now and ever-  
more. AMEN.

*So mote it be.*

*Master.* This Lodge of Sorrow is  
now closed.



## FUNERAL HYMNS.

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Any of the following Hymns may be used instead of those in the body of this work.

### OLMUTZ.—S. M.

Come, brethren of the craft,  
Come shed a tear of grief  
For our beloved friend, bereft  
Of life—a sad relief.

Kind Heaven! let angels wing  
Their way to earth again,  
And waft a soul—the guest we bring,  
To bliss, e'er to remain.

Let us the grave behold!  
And lift our thoughts above;  
And mourn our loss, as yet untold,  
And raise him still in love.

## WELLS.—L. M.

Blest is the man who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law;  
His seed on earth shall be renowned,  
And with successive honors crowned.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;  
The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

## CHINA.—C. M.

Slowly, in sadness and in tears,  
We leave his dwelling now;  
It came not once within our fears,  
He could so *early* go.

We loved to think of him as one  
To whom long years were given;  
Who much of good would yet have done,  
And late return to heaven.

Fair rose his sun of life — few such —  
Alas! it set at noon;  
His Master must have loved him much,  
To call him home so soon.

Slowly, in sadness and in tears,  
 We'll pass his dwelling by;  
 We mourn the shortness of his years,  
 And bless his memory.

DUKE STREET.—L. M.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
 And give these sacred relics room  
 To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
 Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
 Can reach the silent sleepers here,  
 And angels watch their soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
 Passed through the grave, and blest the bed.  
 Rest here, dear Saint, 'till from his throne  
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from thy throne, illustrious Morn;  
 Attend, O Earth, his sovereign word;  
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form;  
 Let him ascend to meet his Lord.

## NUREMBURG.—7s.

Hear my prayer, Jehovah, hear!  
Listen to my humble cries:  
See the day of trouble near,  
Heavy on my soul it lies.

Hide not, then, thy gracious face,  
When the storm around me falls.  
Hear me, O thou God of grace,  
In the time thy servant calls.

## CHINA.—C. M.

As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go thence, draw nigh;  
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow  
When friends are long away,  
So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see  
With the pure spirit's sight,  
But near, and in the very hearts  
Of those who see aright.

ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.—8s and 7s.

Gently, Lord! oh! gently lead us  
 Through this pilgrimage of tears;  
 Through the changes thou'st decreed us,  
 Till our last great change appears.  
 When temptation's darts assail us,  
 When in devious paths we stray,  
 Let thy goodness never fail us,  
 Lead us in thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,  
 In the hour when death draws near,  
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
 Suffer not our souls to fear;  
 And, when mortal life is ended,  
 Bid us on thy bosom rest,  
 Till, by angel bands attended,  
 We awake among the blest.

WINDHAM.—L. M

Teach me the measure of my days,  
 Thou Maker of my frame;  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,  
How short the fleeting time!  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flower and prime.

SHIRLAND.—S. M.

Companion! thou hast gone!  
Rest from thy loved employ—  
The glorious victory thou hast won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

The pains of death are past;  
Labor and sorrow cease;  
Life's pilgrimage is closed at last,  
The soul is found in peace.

Companion true, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Master's joy.

May we, who linger here,  
E'er true and faithful be;  
Devoted, in our humble sphere,  
Devoted, Lord, to thee.







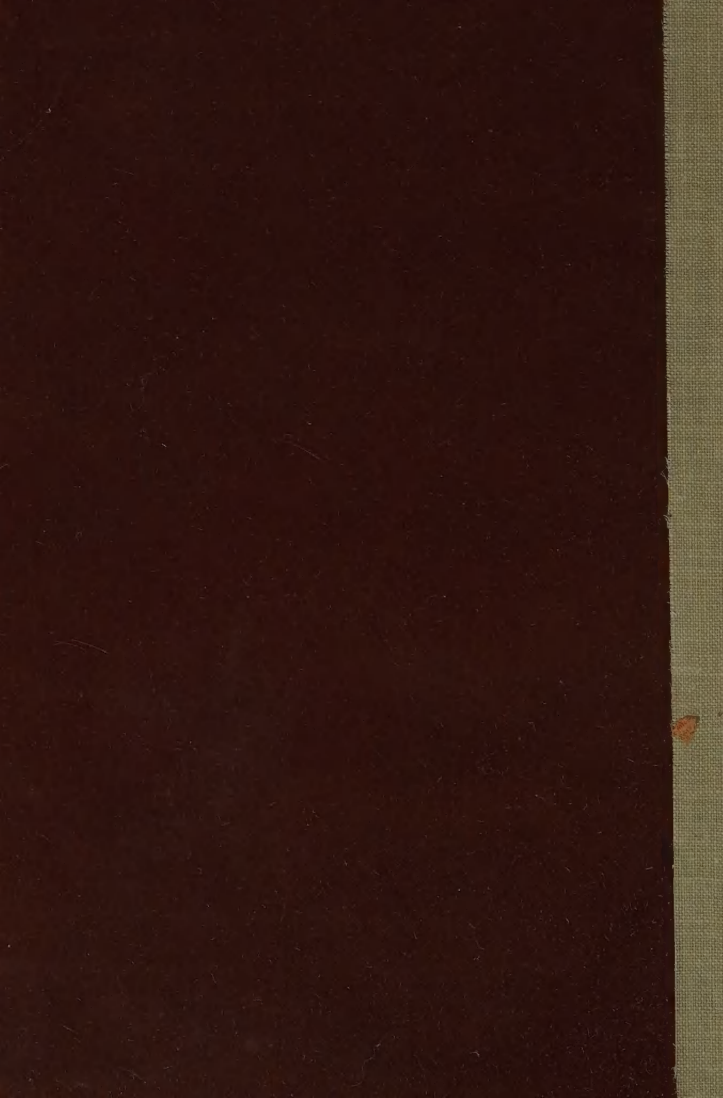












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**Sackett, J                      B.**

Ritual of masonic service for the burial  
lodge of sorrow. By J. B. Sackett ...  
Myers and company, 1870.

120 p. diagr. 154<sup>mm</sup>.

With music.

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